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## GROANS OF THE INTERNAL GENII.

Is it were allowable to revive a practice of the ancients, and suppose things material to be attended each by its own particular genius or spirit, I think it might be allowable in the case of the human stomach, which seems to me in itself to make such a near approach to intelligence and reason, that I scarcely can divest myself of the idea, that it really is a distinct living thing, or entity. I always feel disposed to regard this respectable viscous as a decent, steady sort of servant, that keeps constantly at home, quiet and inoffensive, disposed to go through his work to the best of his ability; nay, anxious to strain a point in his master's service as far as possible, and only unfortunate in being frequently put to tasks so far exceeding his strength, that he entirely breaks down under them, and becomes old and infirm before his time. It is surely a great pity that such a worthy sort of people should be thus hardly dealt with—sufferers, as it were, for the faults of others, not their own. I sympathise with stomachs very much. This has led me to ponder somewhat upon their situation in life, and to reflect if, at a time when oppressed slaves, oppressed aborigines, oppressed everybody, are taken by the hand, something may not be done in behalf of an equally oppressed people much nearer to us, not to speak of much dearer. Thus musing, I have at length thought of allowing an orator of the race to speak for himself and his brethren through these pages; and the following is the substance of his address:—

‘Being allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us, or otherwise are thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bewailing the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes; and indeed we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much, which is always a voluntarily-incurred evil. Strange, however, to say, none of them are willing to own that they ever give us any trouble on this score, and it is amazing what ingenious excuses they will plead for themselves when they begin to feel the sad effects of their excesses. I have known a gentleman, when suffering under a tremendous overload of dinner at a corporation feast, lay the whole blame of his woes upon a glass of water he had chanced to drink after his soup. Another, feeling himself dreadfully ill the day after a

long sitting with a set of convivial friends, was quite at a loss to account for it, till he suddenly remembered that, in the course of the evening, he had been induced to eat a roasted potato. This satisfied his mind at once, and so, as he crawled that afternoon along the street, and was asked by his companions in succession what was the matter with him, “Oh,” he would say, “that potato I took last night! Feel dreadfully unwell to-day—all owing, sir, to the potato.” In fact, there is nothing respecting which mankind labour under a greater delusion, than the amount of their indulgences at table. I have known some who were in the way of destroying themselves by excess, and yet their constant impression was, that they suffered from being too abstemious; and thus they would go on, endeavouring to remedy the evil by that which only tended to increase it, until all went to wreck.

What a pity that nature, when she was about it, did not establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs, for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be to this day completely in the dark as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes, when we would require mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in regarding our masters! “What’s this now?” will a stomach-genius say; “ah, detestable stuff! What an everlasting fool that man is! Will he never learn? Just the very thing I did not want. If he would only send down a bowl of fresh leek soup, or barley broth, there would be some sense in it:” and so on. If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavoured to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down stairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the

drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, sherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up higglety-pigglety together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice, and to it we set, with as much good will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him, that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two's drinking; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bother Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of. In fact, this said wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us poor genii into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for while this vinous shower is going on, I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyse us in this manner for hours, not always indeed with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which, the lemon, is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior. All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbours, and ruining his own. My only relief from such visitations is usually derived from Coffee or Tea, two old steady allies, for whom I have a great regard. A cup of either of these beverages generally helps wonderfully to dispose of the crude wine-drenched mass which I have in hands, and enables me to get the field cleared in time for next action.

I am a lover of early hours—as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having perhaps at that time got all our labours past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast-time. Well, how it may be with others I can't tell; but so it is, that my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a hardship of the most grievous kind. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his nightcap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. Such, oh mankind, are the woes which befall our tribe in consequence of your occasionally yielding to the temptation of "a little supper!" I see turkey and tongue in grief and terror. Macaroni fills me with frantic alarm. I behold jelly and trifle follow in mute despair. Oh that I had the power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own! Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the necessity for something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water loaded with sugar, that causes every villike in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does he always rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer in long succession, during all which time I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work. While such is my real predicament, my infatuated master is fully persuaded that he is doing something vastly in favour of my business, and calculated to promote his own com-

fort. He feels the reverse when he at length tumbles into bed, to fester and toss till morning, when, my labours being still unaccomplished, he will awake with a burning headache, a parched tongue, and uneasy sensations all over—call for a glass of soda-water *electrified* (this is his wretched slang for the infusion of a glass of brandy in it); and thus vainly think to get rid of his pains by that which is only calculated to prolong them.

These may be said to be a sample of my present distresses; but there has never been a time when I was better used, nor do I hope ever to be treated more considerably till the end of the chapter. I have but an obscure recollection of my infancy; yet I remember sufficiently well that at that time they were perpetually giving me things in the highest degree unsuitable, and generally far too much at a time, or else a proper quantity too often, which I have generally found to come to much the same thing. It was particularly hard, in those days, that, if my young master's nurse took anything that disagreed with her, I immediately became a sufferer by it, who was not only innocent of all imprudence myself, but whose very master was equally innocent—the purest case of paying the penalty of another's offences that could well be imagined. Then came the sad stuffings with cake and pudding, to which my boy-master subjected me whenever he could obtain the means—which I remarked to be particularly likely to happen when he visited aunts and grandmothers; a class of relations who, unfortunately for me, feel themselves under none of those salutary restraints, as to the young, which Solomon has wisely imposed on parents—wisely in all respects, I may say, but that of his not extending his injunctions to a wider circle of relationship. Well do I remember the dreadful poses I used to get into when the foolish young rogue chanced to gorge about thrice the quantity of an indigestible pabulum which he ought to have taken even of a digestible one. Laden so much beyond my strength, I became rigid in every muscle, and could only grasp my burden in mute and nervous despair. His anguish on those occasions was truly dreadful; but the truth is, it was all my anguish in the first place, and he only felt it reflectively. Then came the doctor with his doses of things black and dismal as Erebus, but all vouched for as necessary in the case; and of these nauseating processes the whole misery fell, of course, upon me. It was like cutting a man to pieces while relieving him of a burden which had been tied upon him. Many a time have I prayed my neighbour Fylorus—a jealous door-keeping fellow he is—to allow a little of the mess to pass out of my charge unchymified, that I might get elbow-room to proceed with the remainder; but never one particle would he take off my hands in this way, having a trust, he said, to that effect, which he could not neglect or betray without ruining the whole concern. I used to execrate him in my heart for a stingy ultra-virtuous dog; but I have since come to acknowledge that he was in the right of it, and, indeed, my petition was only an effort of despair, like that of drowning men catching at straws. These bouts, after all, were only severe at the time, and I used to rebound from them wonderfully fast. Alas! my experiences since have sometimes inclined me to look back upon them with a sigh. I was young and stout then. The statutory four meals a-day were scarcely a trouble to me. There was hardly any stuff I could not get the better of, if it only were not given in a quantity absolutely overwhelming. I participated in that bounding vitality which makes difficulties rather pleasant than otherwise to youth, provided they only do not go very much too far. I cannot now pretend to undertake the jobs that then were light to me, and which I would have laughed at as trifles. The saddest consideration of all is, that, so far from those days ever returning, I must now look forward to much worse than even the present. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish, and evil-

disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master, and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumbings, which will, of course, not last over long, and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master, the cause of all my woes, must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stomachs—for they may depend upon it, that whatever injustice they do to us in their days of health and pride, will be repaid to themselves in the long-run; our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes, but acts towards all, like Sarah Battle, according to the rigour of the game.'

#### LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

One thing strikes an observer of nature above all others, that whatever animals require for the economy of their situation upon earth, that they, by the bounty of Providence, possess. And there seems to be no other limit to the faculties bestowed upon the various tribes: whatever any particular species imperatively needed in order that it might fulfil its destiny here, is enjoyed by that species. It is very obvious, considering the way in which many animals live, and particularly their social habits, that a means of communicating ideas from one individual to others was amongst the requisites of their situation: accordingly, all such animals have a means of communicating ideas; have, in short, what we comprehensively call language. Perhaps there is no species altogether deficient in this power; but of this we cannot speak with any degree of certainty; we only can say that there is a considerable number of the families of the inferior animals which can be proved to possess and use a means of communicating their ideas. Some of these means we can distinguish and understand; others are as yet beyond our observation, and are of so mysterious a character, that even conjecture as to what they consist of is set at defiance.

The insects are the lowest tribes in which a communication of ideas has as yet been detected. Rather unexpectedly, this does not seem to be connected with any of the numerous kinds of sound statelyly emitted by insects, but to consist chiefly, at least, of silent signs made through the medium of the sense of touch. In ants and bees, it has been observed to consist simply in a mutual rubbing of the antennæ, or feelers, an organ of wonderful delicacy of organisation, and which may comprehend a far greater variety of sensation than we have any idea of from what we feel in our own frames. These remarks, however, are not exclusive of the fact, that, on some particular occasions, a special sound is employed by insects to convey a certain kind of intelligence. One striking instance of a communication of intelligence by ants was observed by Franklin. He had a pot of treacle in a cupboard, to which the ants found access, and on which they regaled themselves very heartily, till he discovered them and drove them away. He then, to insure the preservation of his treacle, hung the pot by a string from the ceiling. It chanced that one ant had been left in the pot, and this animal he soon after observed leave it by the string, and pass along the ceiling towards its nest. In less than half an hour a great company of ants sallied out of their hole, climbed along the ceiling, and descending by the string, resumed their

banquet at the treacle. As one set was satisfied, it left the rich repast to give place to another, and there was a constant passing up and down the string till the whole was eaten up. In this case there could not be the least doubt that the single ant had given information of a means having been left by which they could again approach the pot, and this information led to the new attack which the colony made upon it.

The possession of language by ants is pretty fully illustrated by Messrs Kirby and Spence in their elegant *Introduction to Entomology*. 'If you scatter,' say they, 'the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with a proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these in their turn become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.'

It has been observed of ants, while working, that the superintendent will occasionally make a particular noise by striking his antennæ against the wall of the nest, when the workers emit a sort of hiss, and immediately begin to exert themselves more strenuously. This seems to be a sort of call to make the labourers work harder, and an answer on their part expressing obedience. The same thing has been observed in what is called a march of ants: the soldiers standing by make the particular sound with the antennæ, when the ordinary ants answer with a hiss, and immediately increase their pace. When a military expedition is contemplated, spies are previously sent out, as if to reconnoitre, and bring intelligence. After their return, the army assembles, and begins its march towards the place where the spies had been reconnoitring. Upon the march, communications are perpetually making between the van and rear; and, when arrived at the camp of the enemy, and the battle begins, if necessary, couriers are despatched to the fornicary for reinforcements. It has been also observed, that ants can communicate an alarm of approaching danger, by which the community is put upon its guard; and this signal at once excites the defensive courage of the neuters, and awakens a sense of fear in the males and females, who are seen, consequently, retreating to the nest as to an asylum.

Messrs Kirby and Spence thus describe the language of ants:—'In communicating their fear, or expressing their anger, they run from one to another in a semi-circle, and strike with their head or jaws the trunk or abdomen of the ant to which they mean to give information of any subject of alarm. But those remarkable organs, their antennæ, are the principal instruments of their speech, if it may be so called, supplying the place both of voice and words. When the military ants go upon their expeditions, and are out of the fornicary, previously to setting off, they touch each other on the trunk with their antennæ and forehead; this is the signal for marching; for, as soon as any one has received it, he is immediately in motion. When they have any discovery to communicate, they strike with the antennæ and forehead those they meet in a particularly impressive manner. If a hungry ant wants to be fed, it touches with its two antennæ, moving them very rapidly, those of the individual from which it expects its meal; and not only ants understand this language, but even aphides and cocci, which are the milch kine of our little pismires, do the same, and will yield them their saccharine fluid at the touch of these imperative organs. The helpless larvæ, also, of the ants are informed by the same means when they may open their mouths to receive their food.'

The communications amongst bees are much of the same character as those amongst ants, and the means



seem to be nearly the same, namely, a particular use of the feelers. When a swarm is about to go off, scouts are sent out to choose a situation; these are observed to hover about a particular place for a little while, as if considering its eligibility, then return, as to communicate the intelligence; after which the swarm goes off, and settles on the place fixed upon. A wasp has, in like manner, been observed to go and give information in his nest of any deposit of honey or food which he had met with, when the whole fraternity would rally forth, go direct to the place, and partake of the treat.

It must be remarked, that ants and bees are so far peculiar creatures, that they live in societies forming a species of commonwealth. This mutual relation, and the various duties which they have by reason of it to perform in concert, make language necessary to them; and language, accordingly, as we see, they have. It is probable that all other animals of their humble kind, which form more or less perfect societies, also possess some power of imparting their ideas to each other by means of regular signs instinctively suggested and instinctively understood, and which, like other matters of instinct, know no variation from one generation to another. This is probable, because there seems to be no other rule on the subject than that, where such a power of communicating ideas is required in the economy of the species, it is given; but we are not aware that there are any ascertained facts which entitle us to speak of this as more than merely probable. We must ascend out of the articulated sub-kingdom, before we find any other ascertained instances of the possession of language by the inferior animals.

And the first examples that we encounter cannot, it must be acknowledged, be reckoned as a language nearly so perfect as that of the above insects. The frogs croak at certain periods as a call to the female; but this only expresses a certain feeling: the modulations do not represent a variety of ideas. We may say nearly the same thing of the hiss of the serpent, the singing of birds, the lowing of kine, the roar of the fiercer animals, and so forth. These sounds express a particular feeling, but in no other respect can they be considered as language. One is the note of anger, another of hunger, another of destructiveness. There is one, however, which naturalists have remarked as universally understood, and this is the signal of danger. "The instant that it is uttered, we hear the whole flock [of birds], though composed of various species, repeat a separate moan, and away they all scuttle into the bushes for safety. The reiterated "twink twink" of the chaffinch is known by every little bird as information of some prowling cat or weasel. Some give the maternal hush to their young, and mount to inquire into the jeopardy announced. The wren, that tells of perils from the hedge, soon collects about her all the various inquisitive species within hearing, to survey and ascertain the object, and add their separate fears. The swallow, that shrieking darts in devious flight through the air when a hawk appears, not only calls up all the hirundines of the village, but is instantly understood by every finch and sparrow, and its warning attended to." The notice of food, which we so often hear from the domestic hen addressed to her straggling young, and the invitation to gather when dispersed, are other parts of speech amongst birds, but which appear to be different in different species. Buffon thought the singing of birds an act of gallant attention on the part of the male to his mate, to cheer her during the business of hatching; but this is a mere poetical fancy. It certainly, however, is connected with certain constitutional changes in the animal, appropriate to the season; and the melodies of the grove and the flowers of the field—two of the most beautiful things in nature, everywhere enjoyed in reality and in literary allusion—may be considered as bound in an exquisite analogy, not less interesting to the philosopher than the poet, being alike glorifications of the

passion of love. There is, it is well known, great variety of song amongst the feathered tribes, but this seems to be simply owing to the variety of organisation, and not designed to express any particular ideas or feelings in particular birds. Each gives voice to the feelings of the season in its own way, as its organs for the time enable it; and the rich notes of the blackbird, and delicious trills of the nightingale, convey but one meaning with the twitter of the sparrow, and the monotonous falling third of the cuckoo.

There is, however, even so low as this class of animals, a means of communicating ideas altogether independent of the stated and familiar cries and notes. Such a conclusion we must needs come to, when we know that many anecdotes like the following could be produced:—"An old goose, that had been for a fortnight hatching in a farmer's kitchen, was perceived on a sudden to be taken violently ill. She soon after left the nest, and repaired to an out-house, where there was a young goose of the first year, which she brought with her into the kitchen. The young one immediately scrambled into the old one's nest, sat, hatched, and afterwards brought up the brood. The old goose, as soon as the young one had taken her place, sat down by the side of the nest, and soon after died. As the young goose had never been in the habit of entering the kitchen before, I know of no way of accounting for this fact, than by supposing that the old one had some way of communicating her thoughts and anxieties, which the other was perfectly able to understand." This is reported to Mr London's Magazine by a gentleman named Brew, residing at Ennis, who adds, "A sister of mine, who witnessed the transaction, gave me the information in the evening of the very day it happened."

In the mammalia, the existence of such a language is borne out by almost daily observation. A bull, seeing a cow straying behind the rest of the herd, will go towards it, and call something, which causes the cow to rejoin her companions. We have been assured of the truth of the following incident by a gentleman who witnessed it, and who says that it agrees with many other anecdotes of cattle which he has heard:—"A number of cattle were placed together in a field, for the purpose of feeding on turnips. Two of the number became extremely troublesome to the rest, butting at and leaping upon them, and seeming to take a malicious pleasure in disturbing them in eating—in short, playing the tyrant over their more peaceable companions. This was patiently endured for some time; but at length a sort of conference was held by the peaceable cattle; they literally laid their heads together, and seemed to converse on the subject of the annoyance to which they were exposed, and, we may be allowed to add, on the proper means to be adopted for putting a stop to it. These cattle were then observed to make a simultaneous rush at the two offensive ones, whom they attacked in such spirited style as to drive them out of the field."

Unquestionably there was here some species of language employed; otherwise, how could the common sentiment have been ascertained, or the uniform movement concerted? A curious question now arises—Has each species or genus its own language, or is there a language common to several species or genera? It would appear from the following anecdote, that the latter supposition is the true one:—"Last spring," says Mr Barker of Bedale, Yorkshire, writing in 1834, "an old mare (she has, I believe, completed her twentieth year, and has lost an eye) being relieved, in consideration of age and infirmity, from heavy labour, was turned out in company with a cow and four or five heifers into a small field at a distance from their former companions. The grass in this enclosure was not very plentiful, and the adjoining pasture being adorned with luxuriant vegetation, and divided by an indifferent fence, they frequently took the liberty of trespassing upon the neighbouring property. This, indeed, occurred so often, that a watch was obliged to be set upon their actions; and one day a singular instance of animal instinct [intelligence?]

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was observed. The mare, doubtless tired of staying so long at home, made the circuit of the field, with a view to escape from her confinement, and having discovered a place suited for her exit, she returned to her horned companions, who were ruminating at a little distance, and having approached the cow, she gently struck her on the shoulder, first with her hoof, and then with her head. The cow being roused from her reverie, the loving friends advanced together to the gap, and having jointly reconnoitred it, returned to the rest, and then, the old mare leading the way, the whole company leaped over in succession after her.\*

The Ettrick Shepherd's anecdote of the small dog which, being ill used by a large one at an inn, went home and brought a friend of superior strength to avenge its wrongs, completes our list of illustrations for the meantime. To multiply such anecdotes might become tedious, as a few are sufficient to establish the fact, that a means of communicating ideas and sentiments does exist among the animals inferior to man. That this language among the insect tribes chiefly consists of signs by touch, we have seen. Of what nature is the language of the mammalia? These can convey expressions of hunger, impatience, and some other feelings, by their looks and attitudes; but this is only such natural language as we ourselves possess, and often employ. They have evidently another mode of communicating their ideas, in which, as far as can be observed, neither sounds nor signs are used. Of what nature is this silent speech? Who can give an answer?

## THE MAD ENGLISHMEN.

### A STORY OF OSTEND.

JOURNEYING lately in the diligence from Ostend to Ghent, I fell in with a Belgian travelling companion, with whom I had some agreeable chat relative to the country through which we passed, and its inhabitants. He was a native of Ostend, a town which has endured many vicissitudes of fortune, and of which he seemed to know many amusing stories. One of these I shall try to recall to remembrance, in the words in which it was told:—

In the year 1817, two Englishmen arrived in Ostend; and, from their movements, appeared to be two singular originals. One was short, stout, and red-haired; the other tall and thin. The short one was named Richard Mowbray, and his tall companion was William Featherington. Both were in the prime of life, between forty-five and fifty-five. From head to foot both were gentlemen, and their passports were in the best order and regularity. Upon stepping ashore, they were conducted, at their desire, to the Scheldt inn, in the Gudule Street. The host was by name Rysvoort, and his inn had by no means the best reputation in Ostend. The innkeeper was of course enchanted by the arrival of such unlooked-for guests. They occupied the best apartments in his house, and ordered the choicest fare. The cook busied herself in setting before them a most miserable dinner, and our host did the same by two bottles of execrable wine. The islanders ate and drank with the most perfect satisfaction. But the reckoning? Upon this head the host was quite at ease. The next morning his enormous charges were paid with the utmost indifference. Thus far all was excellent: but Van Rysvoort, unused to such birds of Paradise, feared every moment they might depart, and continue their journey to Brussels. He very sagely concluded that the Englishmen did not cross the sea to see Ostend merely, and to pay roundly for his bad cheer.

The pair, however, showed no signs of departure: a diligence offered them every opportunity. The Englishmen remained quietly; all intercourse with the townspeople they avoided—the sights they troubled themselves not at all about. Every day they walked

into the country, and ate and drank, smoked, slept, and read the papers, and lived as quietly and peaceably as angels. No letters came to them—they sent none off; the world was dead to them, and they were dead to the world.

Every third morning they regularly paid their bill: took nothing off, although the landlord daily charged a threefold price for everything. Van Rysvoort spoke usually but little too, and troubled himself about his guests still less, since they paid so well; but these self-same Englishmen took up all his attention. He puzzled his brain over and over again, and at last took his wife into his counsels; but as they could not even conjointly solve the mystery, they consulted with friends and neighbours upon what these Englishmen could possibly be doing at Ostend.

'They are spies,' said one. 'Birds of flight, who are escaping punishment,' said others.

At last the town-clerk, who had been some years in England, settled the matter.

'Do not trouble your heads; I'll tell you what these two Englishmen are—they are nothing more nor less than mad Englishmen. Do you know what that means? Listen, and I'll tell you. I knew in London a man who, in his old age, took to leading such a beggarly life, that for fifteen years he lived as the most wretched of paupers. From his fellow-beggars he received every sort of annoyance; his mode of life brought on him cudgellings and imprisonments; but he still persisted. At last one morning he was found in a lane frozen dead! And listen, he left a will—valid, and drawn up by a notary—in which he disposed of more than £50,000 to a village he had never seen nor known. Confess that that was a mad Englishman. Such are those now lodging in the Scheldt.' So spoke this clever man. But Van Rysvoort answered, 'Mad or not, they are good customers; they live and pay well; never complain; and if I only for five years could keep such guests, I should become a made man.'

A week after this consultation, and three after their arrival, the Englishmen called their host, and thus addressed him:—'Herr Van Rysvoort, your hotel pleases us very much, and if our proposition pleases you, we may continue our acquaintance with each other.'

'My lord,' answered the delighted host, with a low obeisance, 'I am quite at your disposal; say your wishes, and they shall become mine; for I know what I owe to such distinguished guests.'

'My good friend,' said the little fat man, 'your hotel is by no means so large as it ought to be; you know you have but three apartments in which a gentleman can be accommodated, and these look upon the street. The rattle of carts and carriages makes noise without end. We love quiet. We are here every instant disturbed. Our health must sink under it. In short, the noise is unbearable.'

'I am very sorry to hear it, my lord: what can I do? You are quite right. It is true the traffic is without end, but I cannot shut up the street.'

'Certainly not; but the thing is not so difficult after all.' 'What does my lord mean?'

'The cost cannot be important, and we willingly bear the half.'

'Pray, continue, my lord,' cried out the landlord with a frankness and warmth most unusual to him.

'You have, behind your house, a small garden, in which nothing grows: the old wall is also in ruins. Could you not build there a small house, with three comfortable rooms, and there we shall find a quiet lodging? If you freely give into our plan, as we have said, we will pay the half. When we leave, the house will belong to you; but should this not please you, we must go, although we would willingly remain.'

Van Rysvoort seized eagerly upon the proposal, finding his own advantage in every view; he kept his customers, and enlarged his house at their expense.

The same evening the honest Van Rysvoort consulted with a builder, who, at one and the same time, was his

\* London's Magazine of Natural History, vii. 502.

gossip and godfather. The builder set briskly to work next morning; for the Englishmen would admit of no delay, and as they marked out the ground, all was quickly in progress.

From morning till night Mr Richard Mowbray and Mr William Featherington never left the workmen. Van Rysvoort took great interest in what was going on, but said nothing. It is true he was not quite contented that the haste with which the Englishmen hurried on the building gave no great guarantee for its durability. He would have been better pleased, perhaps, had the building not been raised quite so much in the corner by the old wall, and that it had been carried up a storey or so higher; but his guests were inexorable, and would only allow of one floor. In fourteen days the garden-house was completed, as if by magic. The Englishmen were so delighted, that they took immediate possession.

Van Rysvoort and his wife were now convinced that none but mad Englishmen would leave a good dry house for a new and wet one. However, that was the business of his guests, and being to all appearance a freak, they resolved that it should be well paid for. The entire building, according to the accounts of the artificers employed upon it, cost 2374 florins—a sum which the innkeeper considered so unreasonably low, that he increased it to 4748 florins—for his own benefit. Monstrous as was the bill presented to them, the Englishmen paid it, the avaricious host consoling his conscience with the reflection, that it was all little enough for accommodating such crazy lunatics within his premises.

This matter being settled, the Englishmen, now installed in their garden-house, seldom made their appearance out of it. They ate, drank, smoked, and read the papers as usual; but the most curious part of our story is, that they allowed no one to enter, and even made the beds themselves.

All this time their accommodation was not of the best order. Perhaps the Frau Van Rysvoort wished to try how little they could be pleased with. Nothing could be worse than their eating and wine; for *honest* Herr Rysvoort's reasoning was, that before mad Englishmen should drink of a good vintage, they must learn to value it. The facility with which they paid his double charges was only equalled by the uncomplainingness with which they swallowed his ill-prepared viands.

The more shamelessness he exhibited, the greater became the forbearance of his guests. The brain of mine host was always at work to solve so much mystery; he even ventured to display a certain dogged anger; still, he moved not the equanimity of his customers. The most puzzling and annoying circumstance was the making their own beds. Why did they always keep themselves fast locked in? Why did they burn a light all night? They moved into the garden for quiet sleep; and yet, since they had possession, they appeared to sleep not at all! Van Rysvoort lost himself in wild conjecture. He stood at his window for whole nights watching the light in the Englishmen's rooms; and at last so puzzled his senses with his guests, that he could no longer enjoy life. The bewildered and tormented landlord now took a good friend or two more into his counsels, and the result of a long deliberation was, that the two Englishmen were neither more nor less than false coiners. Van Rysvoort, not a little alarmed at this verdict, passed in review the whole of the gold pieces he had received from the Englishmen, but found amongst them not a suspicious piece. Urged by his thrifty better half, he took a guinea to a neighbouring Jew money-changer to ascertain its weight and purity. The Jew made every usual test, but declared it good. Now was the *honest* innkeeper quite at his wit's end; so was his wife; and so was his gossip and godfather, the builder.

Things went on in this manner until the middle of October, when the Englishmen suddenly changed their mode of living. Each bought a gun and a shooting-pouch, and went out—but never together—as they said, to sport upon the *dunes* and canals. At last, one evening Mr Featherington called the innkeeper, and informed

him that they were both going upon a three-days' shooting excursion.

And sure enough, the following morning, long before sunrise, a carriage was waiting at the door, and the Englishmen, in full sporting trim, jumped into it, and drove off.

So precipitate were they, that the innkeeper had no time to make them his lowest bow, nor to wish them a pleasurable excursion. During the next three days, Van Rysvoort was in a state of considerable perplexity. The Englishmen had taken with them the key of the garden-house; and a hard struggle ensued in his breast between curiosity and discretion. Curiosity said, break open the garden-house; discretion said, such an intrusion would lose him his guests.

Wednesday, the fourth day from the departure of the Englishmen, arrived, and still they did not appear. In the evening a council was held in the inn; the sitting was long and stormy; all sorts of surmises and strange hypotheses were indulged in.

On the Thursday, Van Rysvoort put on his greatcoat most woefully, and went to give information to the police. He, however, took this step very unwillingly, as he wisely calculated that, in the event of his guests having met with an untimely end, he could not quietly possess himself of their valuables. The commissary and three gens-d'armes attended at the inn, to clear up the mystery.

As a matter of form, three knocks at the door summoned to a surrender. Of no use—no reply. Then, as a matter of course, followed the forcing the entrance. The happy long-wished-for moment was now arrived. Lo! what came to sight? Nothing, literally nothing!

The police functionaries and the innkeeper started back in amazement. Then followed a long-drawn breath from the head-over-head peeping band of curious friends and relatives pressing on the background. A gentleman drew his sword, and valiantly rushed into the apartments. But there was nothing to encounter but two empty trunks and an open letter. With these trophies he hurried back. A new movement then took place. The commissary read as follows:—

'My dear Van Rysvoort—Convinced that you are as well versed in the chronicles of your town as you are in your ledger, of whose exactitude you have left us nothing to doubt, it may be useless to tell you that Ostend, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was mixed up in the war then raging between Spain and Holland. Your town was, from the year 1601 to 1604, exposed to those vicissitudes that all so situated are liable to, until the Dutch garrison was forced to yield to the Spanish general Spinola. Amongst the defenders who fought like heroes under the colours of the United Provinces, were many Englishmen, sons of the first families of our country. In this band was one of our ancestors, who was treasurer of the expedition. Before the town capitulated, he with great caution hid from the capture of the Spaniards the treasure-box.

Soon after, he returned to England and died, but not before he had given to his family some intelligence of the concealed treasures. This good fortune has devolved upon us: your house and garden were pointed out as the spot. Once upon our track, we lost no time in installing ourselves in your inn, and soon found reason to be satisfied with our operations. We have succeeded, without giving rise to any suspicions, in obtaining the possession of the treasures so long and deeply buried in oblivion, and in appropriating them to ourselves, their right destination. How we operated, need now no longer be a secret; but, Herr Van Rysvoort, we must premise our disclosure by declaring, upon our honour as gentlemen, that we have fairly let you into one half of the treasures. So long as Ostend exists, no Innkeeper will have again such profitable guests. You have robbed us through thick and thin, as though we had fallen into the hands of a banditti. You have not only doubly, but hundredfold chicaned us. We were determined to shut our eyes to your proceedings. As we promised,



you have profited. In the furthest room you will find a portion of the floor broken up: you will also find a hole ten feet deep, at the bottom of which lies an iron chest. We took our time in removing the old ducats of Charles V. The chest we bequeath to you, with the recommendation that you fill up the chasm again at your convenience.

Perhaps you will wish to know how the "mad Englishmen" are really named. We are very sorry in this respect to be unwilling to oblige you. The discovery would be of no use, as we firmly intend never to set foot again in your memorable town, or in your inn. Do not trouble yourself with any reflections upon our conduct. The finance minister of Queen Elizabeth can alone call us to account; and he, good man, has already given up his claims full two hundred years ago; so, upon his score, we lightly trouble ourselves.

For the future, in laughing over the very questionable conduct you have shown us, we shall always bear witness to the high esteem with which we are impressed as to your character as a man and an innkeeper. In the hope of never seeing you again, with our hearty farewell, we give you leave to call us, and to speak of us, as the

#### MAD ENGLISHMEN.

Van Rysvoort rolled his eyes and bit his lips; but to what purpose? The first transport of rage having passed away, the innkeeper ended the matter by an observation which did honour to his perception, 'That these Englishmen, after all, were not so mad as they seemed to be.'

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### WAGES.

It is marvellous to observe the extensive ignorance which still prevails respecting the true cause of a rise and fall in wages. In a Van Diemen's Land newspaper, just received, we perceive that loud complaints are made by agriculturists on account of the high wages demanded by the persons whom they employ, including artificers of various classes. At a public meeting of landowners and farmers, called to consider the subject, it is stated, as a grievance, that while they cannot get more than 3s. per bushel for wheat, or more than 2d. to 2½d. per lb. for their butcher-meat throughout the year, the 'non-productive classes,' as they term them, will not correspondingly lower their rates of wages. They then go on to resolve, 'That as under these disadvantages the farmer cannot clear his expenses, much less make any profit, an effort should be made throughout the colony to awaken all classes to a sense of this unequal state of things; and, as one means of relief at hand, every discouragement should be offered to high wages, as in the end equally injurious to master and servants; and that, except in particular circumstances, the following standard should be adopted:—A good shepherd to receive L.15 a year, with rations; good ploughman from L.10 to L.12 a year, with rations; a labourer L.9 a year, with rations; sheep-shearers 7s. 6d. per 100 fleeces, or 3s. 6d. per day; and reapers in the same proportion. And as in no case is there so much unfairness practised from the adoption of different measurements, this meeting is of opinion that sawyers are sufficiently remunerated at 2s. per 100 feet, government measurement.'

In this resolution of the wise agriculturists of Van Diemen's Land we have a repetition of one of the most extraordinary fallacies that ever bamboozled the brains of mankind. The editor of the paper, in a single sentence tacked to the account of the meeting, sets the whole to rights. He says, 'It will be impossible to enforce the above resolutions, because there are few free labourers and mechanics in the colony.' Precisely so. All the legislative enactments, all the resolutions which could be framed, cannot raise or depress the wages of labour by a single farthing. Unions among employers, and unions among employed, to fix rates of payment, are equally futile. The amount of wages in

every instance, and in all countries, depends on the number of persons seeking to be employed, and the quantity of employment for them. In short, demand and supply in the market is the true and only standard in this as in any other branch of affairs. The loaf might sink to 1d., or rise to 1s., and so might the price of other articles fluctuate, without affecting the wages of labour in the least. Some people seem to entertain a notion that if food were to become very low in price, the mass of labourers, by being able to live more cheaply, would accept of lower wages. This is a complete delusion. Labourers, among whom we include all sorts of workmen and servants, do not strive the less to get good wages because they can buy better bargains with their money. This, indeed, is proved from the fact of labourers, in Van Diemen's Land and North America, seeking higher wages than their brethren are paid in England, although they can buy food at a fourth of the price. Neither do employers study prices when about to hire assistants. No mistress of a family sends out to inquire the price of bread, beef, ribbons, or calico, before agreeing to pay a certain wage to her servant; she is guided exclusively by the consideration, whether she could not get as good a servant for less money; while the servant, on the other hand, is in the same manner influenced by the consideration, whether she could not elsewhere get more money. So is it with all others who have employment to give or to take. The Van Diemen's Land agriculturists must either import more servants, or have less work to execute, if they wish to lower wages.

#### NEW TRICKS IN LONDON.

There are few who are acquainted with the streets of the metropolis, but must have occasionally noticed some poor and wretched object gathering together the contents of a parcel of lucifer matches, which have fallen from her hands on to the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare. In nine cases out of ten this is purposely done to excite the sympathies of the passer-by. It would seem, however, that, encouraged by the success which has attended this system, a desire has been raised to improve upon the original idea. The vagrant, having selected for her object a well-dressed, charitable-looking person (a country gentleman with drab gaiters is sure game), places herself suddenly in his way, and down go the matches. The innocent victim of premeditated collision is immediately surrounded by a host of ragged confederates, who loudly cry shame. The public take up the part of the 'suffering,' and a compromise is entered into by the payment of an amount in silver. This trick is often performed by a woman in High Holborn, who, during the hours of the labourers' dinner, would represent the wife of one of that class with some pieces of crockery ware and a bottle of greasy water suspended in a pocket handkerchief. Yesterday the match-trick was performed with great success upon the pavement of the National Gallery, and although at one time there were more than three parties at work upon this small space, the results appeared to be highly encouraging.—*Municipal and Poor-Law Gazette.*

The prevalence of such tricks in London must have very peculiar effects upon both the distressed and the comfortable classes. They have a partial success with the few who are simple and inconsiderate (probably for the most part with strangers from the country); but the only effect upon the great bulk of the London population, is to create a suspicious and a sceptical tone of mind with regard to the appearances of human misery generally, under which, of course, the really distressed must suffer as well as the impostors. This is not taken sufficiently into account when we hear of extreme cases of destitution, the non-relief of which, in the midst of a large and wealthy capital, naturally excites surprise. We do not reflect that the great bulk of the people are so accustomed to see trick and roguery going on every day under the guise of

misery, that they come almost to doubt the existence of genuine wretchedness. All unfortunate persons have, then, a strong interest in repressing deceit like that above-described; which is, in fact, a killing of their gold-egged goose, and the cause of an enormous amount of money being kept in pockets which otherwise might open and flow freely to their relief. The bad effects of imposture do not stop here. It is impossible that such tricks can abound amidst any people, however benevolent and frank by nature (and this is a general characteristic of the English), without producing habits of feeling of quite an opposite kind. Their tendency is to associate all misery with the idea of imposture, to make all impulsive compassion appear as mere simplicity and weakness, and to justify a complete shutting up of the heart as only a proper precaution against being cheated. Philanthropic or benevolent objects may, in such a place, be attended to—and in London they are so to a remarkable extent—but, this being done only in a public and formal way, by the payment of rates and subscriptions, rather than the direct giving of relief to a distress which meets the view, it cannot give the same exercise to the sentiment of benevolence which is to be derived from actual contact with a fully-credited misery. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find that that place in the mind which, amongst simple provincials, is occupied by a ready-flowing pity for all kinds of distress, is, in many equally well-meaning metropolitans, filled by something quite different—a disposition to doubt, suspect, and scoff at all individual appearances of misery. At the same time, the abundance of quackery and unfounded pretensions in business and the professions peculiar to a large city, adds to this unfortunate effect, and renders it almost impossible for any one who is wide awake to take anything whatever upon its own simple showing. It is unnecessary to point out how often the true and good must thus be rejected, and all the benefit derivable from it lost, from the impossibility of establishing its credit—how much labour and pains must thus, in many instances, be thrown away—above all, how demoralising must be this tone of mind generally, seeing that it makes all humane feeling a laughing-stock, and every pretension to virtue and good intention a mockery. This must be reckoned, we suppose, among the disadvantages of very large cities, to be balanced off against the mental activity which they keep up, the pleasure of being unknown and solitary if you choose, and the opportunity of attending shows and entertainments which there is no getting anywhere else.

#### SEPARATE EDUCATIONAL EFFORTS.

The newspapers have lately informed us of a meeting of the Congregational body, when upwards of seventeen thousand pounds were subscribed for educational purposes, and a determination was expressed to raise the sum to one hundred thousand, within five years, for the same objects. It appears that this liberality is designed mainly for the establishment of day-schools in connexion with this religious body. At the same time, similar efforts are in the course of being made by the Wesleyan Methodists, but with views equally confined to that particular denomination. There is also a design entertained of establishing a college in the midland district of England—Leicester has been named as the site—for the secular education of youths against whom the universities are closed. While these movements are making in England, it is understood that the now largely increased body of seceders from the establishment in Scotland, are much inclined to establish common schools and a university of their own, in order that the youth of their various denominations may be educated independently of the seminaries of the established church. The tendency, indeed, of the present time is manifestly in favour of sectionising education in conformity with religious sections, and having as many sets of schools and colleges as there are religious denominations in the land. Ten years ago, it did not appear as if educational efforts were to take this turn; there was then some

prospect of a national system of education, such as exists in Holland, Belgium, America, and many other countries, by which all our youth might have associated together in their school-days, without regard to differences on one special point. Now, the prospect seems to be abandoned as hopeless. So be it, since better may not be. But let this great country be aware of the evils of which it is laying the foundations. The unavoidable effect of this dissociation of the people in their youth, according to religious denominations, will be to make them in their mature years aliens from each other. Religious sects will become equivalent to castes in India. The common feelings, in which the union and strength of a people reside, will be attenuated, while all the divided feelings will wax in strength. Class will feel coldly, or spitefully, or hatefully, towards class, and this mainly because they *know not each other*; whereas, if they had all been thrown together in their tender years, they would have formed special friendships, perhaps to last through life, or at least had a sufficient personal intimacy to produce a kindly feeling, and make distinctions in faith appear as no proper cause for mutual distrust or hatred. Already, in the great distinctions which wealth and rank, employing and being employed, produce in this people, there was sufficient cause of disunion, and the effects of these distinctions are even now painfully, and perhaps threateningly, apparent. But these distinctions are as nothing to what must henceforth take place if the separate system of education be persisted in. Division must then take the presiding place in Britain, and the days of her greatness, if anything of our own doing can bring them to a close, will terminate through this cause.

#### SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

SAUMUR—FONTEVRAULT.

AGAIN on our travels down the green valley of the Loire, and, for the sake of variety, pursuing our journey from Tours by land, on the north bank of the river, instead of threading our way by steam among the many islands and sandbanks which here, more than ever, encumber the navigation of the stream. In our route, we have, for the most part, on our right a high bank here and there perforated with cavernous cottages and wine vaults, and on our left the broad current of the Loire, increased by the waters of the Cher a few miles below Tours. Yet one cannot say, with any certainty, where the Cher throws in its tribute to the flood, for on the left bank of the Loire the land is so flat as to permit all sorts of deltas and breaks in the united body of waters; and indeed, for nearly as far down as the junction of the Vienne, there may be said to be a kind of two rivers running parallel to each other, only that they are occasionally touching and parting, with many an island between, flat, green, and covered with aquatic plants and willows. The Cher, after receiving the Indre, considerably increases the Loire; but the Vienne adds at least a third to its volume; and but for the many islands which still break it into various channels, it would be a truly noble river. On approaching Saumur, we entirely lost sight of the Loire, in consequence of our route making a detour to avoid an extensive marsh, and it did not again make its appearance till we were crossing a series of bridges, stretching from island to island, and finally reaching the southern or left bank of the river.

In crossing the bridges at Saumur, the view of the town, with its stretch of light-coloured stone mansions facing the Loire, and its old castle on a ridge of ground behind, has an effect more pleasing than a closer inspection of the place is apt to convey. Although a



town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the centre of a populous district, Saumur is exceedingly dull, a character it is said to have possessed since the flight of a large body of its most industrious and wealthy inhabitants on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. With little or nothing to interest the tourist, and inns whose performances are very inferior to their pretensions, my only reason for staying a day or two in the town was to visit certain remarkable Druidic remains in the immediate neighbourhood, also the prison of Fontevault, the largest *maison de détention* in France, which is situated at a few miles' distance.

The Druidic monuments, which I presume to be of an age coeval with those of Stonehenge, I was desirous of not passing unnoticed, for they are among the most perfect in existence, having survived the storms, social and otherwise, of the last two thousand years, with scarcely any change in their appearance; and, if undisturbed, they may remain in their present entire condition for thousands of years longer. These very interesting relics are situated at about the distance of a mile and a-half from Saumur, in a southerly direction, and are reached by a public road which crosses the river Thouet, a small and sluggish tributary of the Loire immediately behind the town. Conducted aside from the highway along a by-path on the left, we speedily attain the object of our search, among vineyards and gardens, and placed within a walled enclosure, to which a humble keeper admits us by a wicket. The situation may have been more conspicuous when the country was unenclosed and uncultivated; at present, by being on a level plain, and environed with hedges, trees, and scattered cottages, it is particularly obscure.

I was surprised by the large dimensions of this work of a remote and rude antiquity. We had before us a species of house or hut, formed of a few enormously large slabs of stone, closed on the top, sides, and further extremity, and open at the east end, which was towards us. Entering this curious mansion—got up, as one could fancy, by the frolic of a boy giant, from the unshapely blocks of a quarry—we found that, as nearly as could be judged, it measured about fifty feet in length by twelve to fifteen in breadth; each of the sides consisted of only four stones; one blocked up the end, and four composed the horizontal roof. The stones being un-hewn, did not join very exactly, but admitted of gaps, through which the light and air penetrated. Nor were all of uniform size, some being larger than the others, and one was probably twenty feet across. The interior was empty, with an earth-trodden floor. All was antique in aspect, except the portal, which has in modern times been partially built up to a reasonable compass, and most likely with a view to protect the place from intrusion. There was, however, no door either to shut or open. In England, a Druidic remnant of this kind has been ordinarily called a *cromlech*; in France, it is popularly known as a *pierre couverte*, and it was by this name I sought out that which was now before me. The garçon who had piloted us to the spot, and sat very much at his ease on the top of the low wall of the enclosure, while I took a sketch of the structure in my note-book, now ventured to hint that the sun was sinking, and that if monsieur and madame wished to see the other *pierre couverte*, no time was to be lost. I had not calculated on a second. 'Allons, my good little fellow, by all means let us see the other'; and the other we happily reached while the sun had still a trifle to descend on the western horizon. This second cromlech is situated at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the other, and occupies a most conspicuous position on the summit of a knoll or low hill, at present laid out as arable lands. This hill, consisting of an upheaved mass of pure sand, has, in the course of time, been divided by a riuulet, which has created a broad sandy ravine, now employed as an execrable road by the peasantry to their small fields; and on the top of the shelving bank, the *pierre couverte* is seen relieved against the evening sky.

On reaching this cromlech, we found that it is much smaller than the one in the low grounds, but built on the same plan of upright stones supporting a horizontal slab as a roof. The stones are neither so large nor so numerous; yet the thing altogether, insignificant as it is in comparison, is imposing in effect, and would doubtless make the fortune of a London tea-garden, though here treated with as little consideration as if placed by the side of a Scottish highway. In extent it may measure about fifteen feet in length by eight in breadth, a single broad stone, as in the former instance, closing the western extremity of the structure. How the stones of either structure, some of which must weigh fully twenty tons in weight, were brought to the spot, and raised in their present position, is a question I gladly leave to be solved by those who kindly undertake to puzzle themselves about the building of the pyramids, and other mysteries of that sort, for the benefit of mankind. What were even the uses of these gigantic cromlechs, it is difficult to imagine; all the more obvious suppositions of their having been designed as tombs, or altars of a barbarous sacrifice, being open to objections which would be out of place for me to discuss. The smart Flibbertigibbet, my conducteur to the *pierres couvertes*, intimated that there was a single standing stone, of a similar kind, in a field at some distance; but the lengthening shadows of evening admonished us that it was time to depart from a scene which would appear to have been a metropolis of Druidism; and so, without seeing this less remarkable relic, we returned to Saumur for the night.

The brilliant sunshine of a new day brought with it the wish to pay our intended visit to Fontevault, for which I had procured an order for admission from the minister of the interior before quitting Paris. Fontevault lies quite in a different direction from the curiosities already noticed, and at the distance of eight or nine miles from Saumur. Hiring a carriage for the occasion, we pursued a route up the left bank of the Loire for a few miles, after which, striking into a cross-road on our right, we found ourselves following the sinuosities of a small but beautiful valley, till, having passed several ancient hamlets, and attained a rising ground in the midst of a woody and sequestered region, we found ourselves in the old-fashioned village or town of Fontevault. Having deposited our voiture at a small inn in the place, I proceeded across the way to a large barrack-like building, whose gateway was well guarded by a party of soldiers, and announced myself to the concierge of this mighty hive of human beings, the great prison of Fontevault. While I am waiting in the porter's lodge till my errand is announced to the governor, let me tell the reader something of the history of the place we are about to visit.

About the year 1098, France became agitated by the extraordinary preaching of a priest called Robert d'Arbrissel. Haranguing multitudes of all classes of people, and dwelling on the value of a religious life, he attracted a vast number of followers. Husbands abandoned their wives, wives their husbands, parents their children, and young females their families, to obey the fanatic impulse. More than three thousand persons left their houses and their connexions to follow this remarkable man from town to town, and from city to city; persons of all ranks and conditions, of every age and profession, men and women, some of respectable character, others of notoriously bad repute, followed in the great train of the agitator. The number of his disciples continuing to increase, it became so difficult to conduct their migrations, that he resolved to select some spot where he might locate them as a religious society. After seeking a resting-place for himself and his flock in many spots along the banks of the Loire, the preacher at length selected one at a few miles' distance from that river, on the borders of Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou, amongst the woods and wilds of Fontevault, possessing, as a chief recommendation, a beautiful spring, which in all seasons furnished an abundant supply of pure and excellent water. Here, amidst

the forest shades, the pious multitude at first constructed cabins of wood and turf; a small chapel was next built; and deep and wide ditches were dug through-out the encampment, to separate the dwellings of the men from those of the women. The neighbouring towns and villages vied with each other in furnishing food and clothing for this holy host; the nobles of the country endowed them liberally with lands, including the spot where they had pitched their settlement; contributions flowed in from kings and princes; whole families came to join the new settlers, and threw all their wealth into the common treasure, which was speedily swelled to a considerable amount. In 1102, the foundations of the great church were laid, and the building erected, under the superintendence of a lady of the princely house of Champagne. Robert d'Arbrissel, whose energy had carried him over every difficulty, now saw his flock well lodged and pastured. Three hundred of the best instructed and most respectable of the female converts were placed in buildings near the newly erected church, and charged with the duty of chanting the sacred offices; the others were divided into companies of a hundred and sixty each; whilst those of doubtful character were placed by themselves in a building called La Madeleine. The lepers and the infirm were lodged in another edifice called St Lazarus; and the able-bodied male portion of the colonists was accommodated in a distinct residence named St Jean de l'Habit. Thus, the great and miscellaneous conventual establishment, composed both of nuns and monks, was fairly set on foot. As eminent for his humility as for his other virtues, the founder assumed to himself no authority over his followers, but placed the pastoral staff in the hands of a female ruler, Petronilla de Chemille, and gave an example to the whole body of dutiful obedience to her as superior. In 1117, Robert d'Arbrissel died in the odour of sanctity, leaving the monastery of Fontevrault as a monument of his genius. The singular constitution which he had imposed, of making the nuns the superiors, and the monks subject to them, remained in force; and the abess of Fontevrault, who was generally a lady of rank, was for ages one of the most important religious functionaries in France, her power being vastly increased by the spread of monasteries of the same order, of which, ultimately, there were as many as fifty-seven throughout France. It is needless to pursue the history of Fontevrault through the seven hundred years which followed its foundation, further than to say, that it was one of the most imposing religious establishments in France, and was selected as the burial place of Henry II., his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, and other members of the royal house of Anjou. At the revolution of 1793, like similar institutions throughout France, the monastery was dissolved, and the whole establishment, with its splendid endowments, sequestered; the lady superior, with her numerous train of nuns, monks, and servants, was turned adrift to the world; many of the tombs and monuments were desecrated and destroyed, and the various buildings devoted to the purposes of a national prison for criminals.

And so this was the end of the pious dream which led the almost sainted Robert d'Arbrissel to imagine he had founded an establishment which should last throughout all generations. Of the extent of the overthrow, no one can have any adequate idea without visiting the place. I had anticipated seeing two or three houses and courtyards, whereas, to my surprise, the establishment appeared to cover some forty or fifty acres, occupying the gentle slope of a hill towards the south-east with part of the valley below, and embracing a collection of houses, churches, cloisters, courtyards, workshops, and inferior structures, all in such excellent order, and so admirably adapted for their present purpose, that the nation may be supposed to have congratulated itself on having got the whole so good a bargain—that is to say, for nothing. But enter Monsieur the governor, a tall hearty-looking gentleman in a brown beard, who assures us that it will give him great pleasure to show us

over the establishment, though he regrets to tell me it is a jour de fête—*l'assomption de la vierge*—and that, therefore, it is a holiday in the prison. I now recollected having passed numerous parties of peasants in holiday attire wending their way to Saumur, and should have earlier bethought myself of the unsuitableness of a visit to Fontevrault on such a sacred occasion. However, it was of no use now entertaining any regrets on the subject; perhaps it would be more interesting to see the hive in repose; and I accordingly assured Monsieur that a sight of the place to-day would do as well as any other, particularly along with his obliging explanations. *'Eh bien—à plaisir.'*

As we crossed an open square towards the department shown first to strangers, I learned, what I was not clear upon before, that Fontevrault accommodates three classes of offenders—boys, men, and women; that the discipline is according to the silent system, in which masses herd and work together, but without liberty to converse; and that at present there were two thousand of one kind and another in the different divisions. As to these divisions, and their subdivisions, each is very suitably confined to a distinct suite of buildings, with its court and cloisters, so that the establishment is more properly a collection of prisons than a single prison; and all connexion, as well as chance of escape, is cut off by high walls, on which at intervals are walks and turrets, whence the armed sentinels have a complete command of the courts beneath.

The department to which we were first introduced was that of the boys, of whom there were about three hundred, all dressed in the same kind of coarse attire and wooden shoes which I had seen at Mettray. Under the immediate control of officers, they were caused to exhibit various military manœuvres, and finally marched off in order to a farm in the neighbourhood without any guard. There was a liveliness of manner about these boys which was pleasing; and, evidently on the best terms with the governor, they crowded round him, before setting out, to petition for a *tambour*—if they only could be allowed a drum, they would be so happy. This request, however, was not granted. Having seen the interior accommodations of this department, we went on to the next, which was the infirmary of the male part of the establishment, consisting of a cuisine, several floors with beds, a pleasant courtyard and cloistered walk, all neat, clean, and airy. In one of the dormitories a priest was engaged in administering ghostly consolation to one of the unhappy inmates. Proceeding from this portion of the establishment, we next were admitted into the department appropriated to the female prisoners, for whom one of the most extensive monasteries in the cluster must have been selected. At the time of my visit there were five hundred women within its walls, independently of attendants, all of whom were Sisters of Charity. Admitted at a postern by one of these meek ministers of mercy, we went through different buildings, containing bed and work-rooms, also a school for instruction, and finally issued upon a large open court, where nearly the whole five hundred were before us at a single glance. It was a very curious scene. Under the eye of Sisters of Charity, planted like sentinels at different points, and striking in appearance from their dark habiliments and ample white coifs, the whole body of women walked in single file at the distance of several paces from each other, and in an endless serpentine evolution across and round the courtyard. In plain attire, with downcast looks, and hands crossed in front—if not occupied in holding a book of devotion—did this singular regiment of women perambulate, in slow-measured steps, and in perfect silence, before their superiors; and thus are they exercised in the open air for hours, particularly when prevented from labouring at their appointed tasks on the occasion of holidays. On ordinary work days they are employed in classes, making lace, sewing, washing, and performing other services profitable or useful to the general establishment.

Leaving this remarkable assemblage of females, con-

demned, for their crimes, to pass years of confinement here, we arrived at the great dépôt of adult male prisoners, of whom there were twelve hundred altogether, but separated into divisions, each closely superintended by officials in uniform, provided with cutlasses. All were here, likewise, undergoing exercise in open courtyards; walking, like the females, in endless and regulated convolutions. Their looks were dull and timid; not a whisper was uttered among the entire mass; and the only sound heard was the low measured tramp of the convicts half-echoed from the recesses of the surrounding colonnades. Adjoining these places of out-of-door resort we found various workshops, and ascending from a vast kitchen, we arrived at the principal dormitories, each on a floor constructed within the nave of the ancient church, and furnished with beds for five hundred persons. There is thus no separation into cells at Fontevault during either night or day; close surveillance, as is believed, compensating for the want of solitary seclusion.

Last of all, in our perambulations, we entered the church, of which a portion has been taken to form the above-mentioned sleeping-rooms. The part used for public worship consists chiefly of the transepts, which are seated with mean benches, and contrast woefully with the splendours of a bygone era. In a dingy closet-like recess, we were shown the only objects of curiosity which have survived the violence of the revolutionary mob. These are the mutilated statues of Henry II., his queen Eleanor, Richard, and Isabelle widow of King John. Propped up in a recumbent position, and with much of the sculpture broken and defaced, they form a sad memorial of fallen greatness. The tombs over which the effigies had been originally placed were, with that of Robert d'Arbrissel, violated at the Revolution, and their contents scattered to the winds. From this melancholy spectacle the governor conducted us to the base of the *Tour d'Eerault*, a tall and handsome turret of peculiar architecture, dating from the foundation of the abbey. Its lower storey is now used as a granary and storehouse. The other parts of this extensive establishment, including a mill moved by a steam-engine, need no particular notice. When we had made the complete tour of the place, however, more, it seems, remained to be seen. The governor, who was never weary of explaining the mechanic of his establishment, which he considers a model of excellence, now hoped that we would visit the farm belonging to the prison. Of course this was gladly assented to, and we all drove off down the valley by the road towards Saumur, till we arrived at the spot in question.

Spreading up the face of one of the pretty green hills, and with an agreeable south-eastern exposure, we found a farm of several hundred acres in extent divided into fields with different crops; also several in grass for cows, and some land laid out with vines. Here we encountered the whole troop of boys marching back to their prison quarters, the visit having been only for the sake of exercise. All smiled as they passed us, touching their caps in military fashion; and on inquiry, I learned that so well-disposed are they towards the system of discipline, that they do not think of absconding; but, as I said on a former occasion, it would be unavailing to run away in a country where the police are too sharp to leave vagrant criminals undetected. The farm-offices were examined, from the *maison des élèves* (calf-house) to the *salle à manger*, in which we had the happiness to partake of a bowl of excellent milk fresh from the cool and well-managed *laiterie*—the governor the while plying us with observations on the great superiority of giving convict-boys out-door labour on a farm such as this, on which those under his charge worked daily, to immuring them in cells like so many wild beasts. He was an enemy altogether to the solitary system of imprisonment, and argued strongly for allowing prisoners to live and work in the society of their fellows, under proper moral government. I did not consider it necessary to argue this somewhat perplexing question,

on which much may be said on both sides; and therefore, with a thousand thanks for his kindness, we bade this very obliging gentleman adieu, and were soon on our way to our temporary home at Saumur.

### THOUGHTS OF AN INVALID.

SICKNESS is generally thought to 'pull down' the mind. Perhaps the real effect thus described is often nothing more than a reduction of the worldliness of men's ordinary thoughts, and an awakening into comparative power of the gentler affections. The world of the heart opens to us, under the dependency of invalid life, its troubles and its fears, as the world of the sterner intellect passes out of sight, and our confidence in the resources of self becomes shaken. Thus, it may be that, while the mind suffers in one respect, it gains in another. Certainly, at least, the result is to throw it into a new phase of being: the invalid tone of mind is something quite by itself. It will be different, of course, in different persons; yet its own general character must ever remain tolerably distinct. Our literature does not possess many representations of the invalid's current of reflection and sentiment; but the limited list receives an important addition from a volume which has just appeared—anonymous, but well known to be from the pen of Harriet Martineau.\* This distinguished lady has, we lament to learn, been confined with severe illness for several years. She occupies a cheerful cottage, placed in a situation which commands an extensive sea and land prospect, near the port of Sunderland. Her condition is one attended with frequent painful paroxysms, and, to judge from what she says in this volume, she does not hope to recover; but she has many intervals of agreeable sensation, during which her mind can exert itself with nearly all its wonted power and activity. The present volume is partly descriptive of her condition and its various resources for a modified happiness; partly a record of thoughts which have occurred to her in this peculiar state of existence. It is a book which all her friends must receive with a deep, though it may be a melancholy, interest; and they will find in it even more reason than they have ever had before, to admire the heroic good intentions and aspirations of the gifted author.

The reigning mood of our invalid is to make the best of everything—to profit from affliction, and to rejoice in every remission and alleviation of her distresses. In her first essay, she sets herself to prove that pain in its nature is transient, but that all good is lasting. 'During the year looked back upon,' she says, 'all the days, and most of the hours of the day, have had their portion of pain—usually mild—now and then, for a few marked hours of a few marked weeks, severe and engrossing; while, perhaps, some dozen evenings and half-dozen mornings are remembered as being times of almost entire ease. So much for the body. The mind, meantime, though clear and active, has been so far affected by the bodily state as to lose all its gaiety, and, by disuse, almost to forget its sense of enjoyment. During the year, perhaps, there may have been two surprises of light-heartedness, for four hours in June, and two hours and a-half in October, with a few single flashes of joy in the intermediate seasons, on the occurrence of some rousing idea, or the revival of some ancient association. Over all the rest has brooded a thick heavy cloud of care, apparently causeless, but not for that the less real. This is the sum of the pains of the year in relation to illness. Where are these pains now? Not only gone, but annihilated. They are destroyed so utterly, that even memory can lay no hold upon them. \* \* \* What remains?

All the good remains.

And how is this? whence this wide difference between the good and the evil?

\* *Life in the Sick-Room. Essays. By an Invalid.* Pp. 221. London: Moxon. 1844.



Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas—with the unseen realities which are indestructible. This is true even of those pleasures of sense which of themselves would be as evanescent as bodily pains. The flowers sent to me by kind neighbours have not perished—that is, the idea and pleasure of them remain, though every blossom was withered months ago. The game and fruit, eaten in their season, remain as comforts and luxuries, preserved in the love that sent them. Every letter and conversation abide—every new idea is mine for ever; all the knowledge, all the experience of the year, is so much gain. Even the courses of the planets, and the changes of the moon, and the haymaking and harvest, are so much immortal wealth; as real a possession, as all the pain of the year was a passing apparition. Yes, even the quick bursts of sunshine are still mine. For one instance, which will well illustrate what I mean, let us look back so far as the spring, and take one particular night of severe pain, which made all rest impossible. A short intermission, which enabled me to send my servant to rest, having ended in pain, I was unwilling to give further disturbance, and wandered, from mere misery, from my bed and my dim room, which seemed full of pain, to the next apartment, where some glimmer through the thick window-curtain showed that there was light abroad. Light indeed! as I found on looking forth. The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old priory; but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbour, while the market-garden below was glittering with dew, and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring except the earliest riser of the neighbourhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed her pigs, and let out her cows; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens, presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment; but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated, as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore. This is an illustration of the universal fact. That brief instant of good has swallowed up long weary hours of pain.

To us, with much deference, it occurs that the distinction here made by Miss Martineau might be more philosophically stated. The pains are transient because they are bodily; the agreeable circumstances are lasting because they are mental—proper subject-matter for the memory. If our author's distresses were mental, she would find that they are as lasting as any agreeable recollections ever are. It is not, therefore, in our apprehension, correct to argue, as a general fact, from these premises, that evil is transient, and good permanent—although there may be other arguments for this conclusion.

Miss Martineau pleads strongly for placing permanent invalids in a rural situation, where they may be able from their window to behold natural objects, and the various elemental changes in which a subdued spirit is so well fitted to take an interest. In her own retreat, she, by means of a telescope, commands an immense stretch of landscape, and observes whatever is going on within scope of her vision with undecaying pleasure. The passage in which she describes her observations from her window is one of the finest in her book. 'Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one

opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites, lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays, the sportsman with his gun and dog, and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them now talking in a cluster, as they walk, each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railroad, and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects: a windmill now in motion, and now at rest; a lime-kiln in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies, I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head (for it is now chill evening); and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I? there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing.'

'How different,' she adds, 'are "the seasons and their change" to us, and to the busy inhabitants of towns! How common is it for townspeople to observe, that the shortest day is past, without their remembering it was so near! or the equinox, or even the longest day! Whereas we sick-watchers have, as it were, a property in the changes of the seasons, and even of the moon. It is a good we would not sell for any profit, to say to ourselves, at the end of March, that the six months of longest days are now before us; that we are entering upon a region of light evenings, with their soft lulling beauties; and of short nights, when, late as we go to rest, we can almost bid defiance to horrors and the depressions of darkness. There is a monthly spring of the spirits, too, when the young moon appears again

and we have the prospect of three weeks' pleasure in her course, if the sky be propitious. I have often smiled in detecting in myself this sense of property in such shows; in becoming aware of a sort of resentment, of feeling of personal grievance, when the sky is not propitious; when I have no benefit of the moon for several nights together, through the malice of the clouds, or the sea-haze in spring. But now I have learned by observation where and when to look for the rising moon; what a superb pleasure it is to lie watching the sea-line, night after night, unwilling to shut the window, to leave the window couch, to let the lamp be lighted, till the punctual and radiant blessing comes, answering to my hope, surpassing my expectation, and appearing to greet me with express and consolatory intent! Should I actually have quitted life without this set of affections, if I had not been ill? I believe it.

This, we think, is not only in the finest possible feeling—it is the purest possible poetry.

Our author indulges, in the course of her volume, in some speculations on the advance, for which our age is remarkable (with some strange exceptions), in the means of promoting the public comfort and happiness. She is loud, and justly so, in praise of the new postage, whose only fault is its not having been carried to completion, which, however, is not the fault of its originator. The following are curious reflections:—'As for the discoveries or quackeries of the time (and who will undertake to say in what instances they are not, sooner or later, compounded?), how clear is the collateral good, whatever may be the express failure? Those who receive all the sayings of the Corypheus of the phrenologists, and those who laugh at his maps of the mind and his so-called ethics, must both admit that much knowledge of the structure of the brain, much wise care of human health and faculties, has issued from the pursuit for the benefit of man. This mesmerism again: who believes that it could be revived, again and again, at intervals of centuries, if there were not something in it? Who looks back upon the mass of strange but authenticated historical narratives, which might be explained by this agent, and looks, at the same time, into our dense ignorance of the structure and functions of the nervous system, and will dare to say that there is nothing in it? Whatever quackery and imposture may be connected with it, however its pretensions may be falsified, it seems impossible but that some new insight must be obtained, by its means, into the powers of our mysterious frame—some fixing down under actual cognizance, of flying and floating notions, full of awe, which have exercised the belief and courage of many wise for many centuries.

After smiling over old books all our lives, on meeting with quaint assumptions of the humoral pathology as true, while we supposed it exploded, behold it arising again! One cannot open a newspaper, scarcely a letter, without seeing something about the water cure; and grave doctors, who will listen to nothing the laity can say of anything new (any more than they would tolerate the mention of the circulation of the blood in Harvey's day), now intimate that the profession are disposed to believe that there is more in the humoral pathology than was thought thirty years ago, though not so much as the water curers presume. Is it not pretty certain, then, that something will come of this rage for the water cure (something more than abluition, temperance, and exercise), though its professors must be embalmed as quacks in the literature of the time? Is there not still another operation of the same principle involved in the case? Are we not growing sensibly more merciful, more wisely humane towards empirics themselves, when they cease to be our enemies? Are we not learning, from their jumbled discoveries and failures, that empiricism itself is a social function, indispensable, made so by God, however ready we may be to bestow our cheap laughter upon it?

There is much truth here. All regular medical men know that the best medicines have been discovered and

brought into use by men called quacks. The regular men are, very laudably, cautious; but perpetual caution makes no advance. The empiric ventures on new courses—some of which are the suggestion of a happy ingenuity—and often succeeds. There can, then, be no sort of doubt that empirics fulfil a good design in providence. So is it in a great degree with science. Discoveries which have anything startling or prejudice-exciting about them, are generally seen to attract and obtain reception from not the highest class of intellects; these are often more tender on the score of reputation than they are conscientious (conscientious to give a patient inquiry) or manly (manly to encounter the empty scoff of ignorance in the cause of truth). The irregular adventurous wits, with fewer sober qualities to admire, but probably as good, or even better intentions, rush on to embrace what convinces them without scruple. They thus become the nurses of truths which otherwise would perish. We fear, however, we cannot acquit Miss Martineau of prejudice in at least one of the subjects of the above remarks. Phrenology has done more than she admits; its advocates are to a man philanthropists, as if in virtue of their philosophical profession; and their ideas in education, in criminal jurisprudence, and with regard to the regulations of labour, are far in advance of the age. Our author is a lover of truth and a professor of candour; she ought, as such, to examine every system professed by honest men, before even using a light word regarding it: *queritur*, has she done so!

Miss Martineau, in a manner worthy of her, deprecates the absurd attempts made, by complaisance and fear of giving pain, to console and cheer the invalid, and strongly advocates the more conscientious as well as rational course of acknowledging the real nature and prospects of the case. 'One and another,' she says, 'and another of our friends comes to us with an earnest pressing upon us of the "hope of relief"—that talisman which looks so well till its virtues are tried! They tell us of renewed health and activity; of what it will be to enjoy ease again; to be useful again; to shake off our troubles, and be as we once were. We sigh, and say it may be so; but they see that we are neither roused nor soothed by it.

Then one speaks differently; tells us we shall never be better; that we shall continue for long years as we are, or shall sink into deeper disease and death; adding, that pain and disturbance and death are indissolubly linked with the indestructible life of the soul; and supposing that we are willing to be conducted on in this eternal course by Him whose thoughts and ways are not as ours, but whose tenderness— Then how we burst in, and take up the word! What have we not to say, from the abundance of our hearts, of that benignity, that transcendent wisdom, our willingness, our eagerness, our sweet security—till we are silenced by our unutterable joy!

#### ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.

THE inordinate space of time which is engaged during every six days in the week from men engaged in business, has, from the magnitude of the evil, begun to attract public attention, and may therefore, as we think, form the subject of a few additional observations.

The invariable traditions of old people assure us, that since the middle of the last century the hours of work have been gradually extended, and the old-fashioned holidays rapidly abridged. In former days the substantial tradesman never thought of keeping open his shop after sunset in summer, and after six o'clock in winter. Then, at dinner-time, business was stopped to give him and his assistants proper leisure for the enjoyment of the mid-day meal; as is the case now in Germany, where it is as impossible to rouse the shopkeeper into activity between the hours of one and two, as it would be at midnight. But in London at the present moment the case is widely different; the hours of busi-

ness have encroached upon those proper for meals and rest to an extravagant degree—the consequence of the augmentation of human wants accompanying a vast increase of population. It would seem that either so immense an aggregate of business has to be done to supply those who want a reasonable section of the day is insufficient to get through it; or, that the business is generally conducted on essentially bad arrangements, which occasion so great a waste of time, as to oblige people to do that at one part of the day which ought to be transacted at another. In a few cases the first, while in a great majority the second, reason applies.

With a view to remedy the mischiefs which the present system is occasioning, an association has been formed in London of the individuals who suffer most by it, namely, linen-draper and their assistants; and the better to forward its views, the society offered a prize of twenty guineas for 'the best practical essay on the evils of the present protracted hours of trade.' The prize was gained by Mr Thomas Davies, a young man who, till lately, had to endure all the disadvantages arising from the system against which his pen has been successfully directed. His treatise exhibits a degree of research and literary skill not to be expected from an individual whose general avocations have been of a nature hitherto far from literary.\*

'Of all the various objects which strike the attention,' commences the prize-essayist, 'and excite the wonder of a stranger upon his first arrival in the "Great Metropolis," there are few more prominent than the many glittering shops which meet his gaze in every direction. While passing along the principal streets, you meet with a succession of plate-glass fronts constructed in a costly manner, and often displaying a high degree of architectural skill. Within the windows, and separated from the gazer by enormous squares of glass, the transparency of which seems to mock the foggy atmosphere without, are displayed, in the most skilful manner, all the rich variety of woman's dress. It is as if at the bidding of some magic power the silks of the east, the cottons of the west, and the furs of the north, after having been wrought into a thousand various forms and patterns, had been collected into one gorgeous exhibition, to illustrate the triumphs of art in ministering to the adornment of the human form. The interior of these shops is not less worthy of attention than the exterior. Some of them, from the profusion of glass-reflectors which they exhibit, might be called "halls of mirrors;" while others, with their stately columns and luxurious carpets, seem to rival the palaces of princes. Perhaps few of the fair purchasers who admire these shops and their contents, ever bestow a thought upon the condition of the young men who so blandly and politely serve in them. Yet it is a mournful fact, that there exists, in connection with all this bright display, much of positive evil, not to say of misery.

The best shops in the best neighbourhoods are generally opened at seven o'clock in the morning, at which hour a certain number of the young men come down to make preparations for business in their several departments. At eight o'clock (or in some cases at half-past seven) the others, who may be called the seniors, come down, when the former party are allowed to retire for half an hour for the purpose of dressing. After their re-appearance, there is no further release from the engagements of the shop (excepting for those wonderfully short periods of time in which assistant-draper managers to consume the necessary quantity of food at meals) until the whole business of the day is over, and every article, from a piece of silk to a roll of ribbon or a paper of pins, has been carefully put into its appointed place. Sometimes, when, owing to the weather or some other cause, there have

been but few customers during the day, this rearrangement is completed by the time of shutting the shop, which in the present case is from eight to nine o'clock in the winter, and from nine to ten in the summer. But on busy days, and during nearly the whole of the spring and former part of the summer, it is often found to be impossible to leave the shop within one, two, or three hours after it has been closed; so that, during a large part of the year, it is a common thing for these young men to be pent up in the shop from six or seven o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven at night.'

This is a description of the present mode of carrying on business, as it appears in the most favourable aspect. In many shops, the young men are often unable to retire to rest until one or two o'clock on the Sunday morning.

The effect of these long hours upon the health is next demonstrated. To understand the kind of air which drapers' assistants breathe, it is necessary to explain that, however elegantly ornamented the shops of London may be, they are but indifferently ventilated; that in populous neighbourhoods they are frequently filled with customers during the greater part of the day, whose united respirations exhaust the air of its vital principle, or oxygen; and that for a considerable period of the winter, the same effect is produced in a much greater degree by the gas which is burned; each burner vitiating, upon an average, as much air as four persons. Excessive fatigue is also a consequence of the occupation. Shop-assistants are never allowed to sit during business-hours; even at their meals, the time occupied by such a mode of rest seldom exceeds an hour during the whole day, but in most houses only half an hour. Neither is the constant exertion of the assistant physical merely; it involves much mental anxiety 'about matters which, indeed, to a mere spectator may seem very trivial, but which are to the person whom they concern really important. The nature of this anxiety may be best understood by an example:—A lady enters a shop, and desires to look at some dresses or shawls. Now, it would be supposed that the assistant-draper has merely to exhibit these articles in the most advantageous manner, and that it makes little difference to him whether she happen to like one of them or not. Far otherwise: in some cases it is at the peril of losing his situation that he fails to persuade the lady to buy; in nearly all cases, the frequent repetition of such failures is sure to produce such a catastrophe. It will be obvious, that from this, came alone the mind of the young man must be alternately moved and agitated by fear and hope; by fear of losing his situation, and by the hope that, by means of success as a salesman, he may render his services more valuable, and thus obtain a larger salary.'

In a moral point of view, the effects of such unceasing attention to business is highly prejudicial. The young men have no time to improve their minds by reading, or other means; and it is sincerely to be hoped that, should the association for which this pamphlet was written succeed in their object, the persons benefited will make such use of the leisure as will tend to improve them in information and moral conduct. The essayist confidently anticipates that such will be the result, and instances the few houses in which short hours have been already adopted, where he states the best educated and best conducted assistants are invariably to be found.

A remedy for the specific evils of which shopkeepers' assistants so justly complain, may be easily discovered. It lies partly in the power of masters, partly in that of purchasers. Were the former to close their shops at a seasonable hour, the public would become either more considerate, and buy what they want during daylight—or persons with whom night-shopping is a matter of convenience would make their own arrangements, so as to square with those of the tradesmen. Unfortunately, however, so great is the competition in the retail trade of the metropolis, that were the shopkeepers of a particular neighbourhood to come to such a resolution, one

\* Prize Essay on the Evils which are produced by Late Hours of Business, &c. By Thomas Davies. With a preface by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, M. A. Nisbet: London.



keen trader would in all probability break through the rule, and get his shop crowded, about bed-time, with customers who had been too thoughtless to buy what they required at a seasonable hour. The neighbouring retailers would take alarm at this, and the old system be gradually returned to. That the melioration may be effectually carried out, the masters must view the evil in a large and benevolent spirit, as becomes good citizens, and not with the huxtering and selfish views of immediate profit.

But the *high-pressure* is not felt alone by shopmen. Voices crying for relaxation may be heard from other quarters besides the counter. In short, is not almost everybody—that is, every one who has any settled occupation—overtasked? Who, we should like to know, are in the habit of taking things *very* easily? Spurred on by the real or imaginary necessities of their condition, driven by eager rivalry, avarice, and even the incapability of thinking of anything else but professional labour, the bulk of people are, as it were, madly running a race, in which bodily and mental health are among the least of their considerations. Unwearied application to business is clearly a characteristic of the age, for it is seen in every station of life, from the highest to the lowest. It is a fact, that the most exalted officers of the state, in point of long hours and the actual business they get through, work as hard as the linen-draper's assistants. Let us, as an example, take a glance at a lord chancellor's daily routine of duties. In term time, he enters the court of chancery about nine o'clock in the morning; there he sits to hear the arguments of counsel, and out of their specious sophistries to pick, if he can, the actual facts and truth of the case—to which end his mind and attention is kept constantly on the stretch. Besides this, he has a hundred routine duties to go through, connected with chancery affairs, at his chambers. This occupies him most likely till half-past three or four o'clock. At a quarter to five he is seated on the wool-sack of the House of Lords. There it is his business not only to hear, but to make speeches; which not only contain argument, but facts upon which he is not unfrequently questioned, and for which he must have been at some previous pains to acquire. This detains him till seven or eight, and sometimes till after midnight. But should he get home early, piles of affidavits, relative to the cases he has to adjudicate, await his perusal. If, aside from these constant duties, he should have an hour to spare, it is occupied at a cabinet-council in hearing appeals before the privy-council, or from the bar of the House of Lords. Even during the vacations he is liable to constant interruptions; for wherever he may be, he is accessible in urgent cases requiring his interference, concerning the affairs of minors—to some thousands of whom he is guardian—and lunatics, of all of whom he is the legal keeper. An equally laborious career is daily run by the prime-minister, by the secretaries of state, the judges, leading counsel, by physicians in large practice, and others.

We do not allude to such instances of overtaking in high places with any hope of modifying the general current of affairs, but only to show to our friends behind the counter that they are not alone under compression. Let us nevertheless hope that, wherever possible, the hours of business may be shortened; and to effect this desirable object, let customers as well as employers be reminded of what they can accomplish.

#### ALLSTON'S APHORISMS.

Is presenting an account of the late Washington Allston, an American painter of eminence, the *Athenæum* places before its readers the following aphorisms of which he was the author. We are told that Mr Allston wrote them on fragments of paper, which he stuck up around his room, as aids to reflection before he began his day's work. Copied into our pages, they may be of use in lowering self-esteem in others besides painters:—

1. The painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself, is not an artist, but an artisan; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic for his time, and not for his art.

2. He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius; as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.

3. Reputation is but a synonymie of popularity, dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather of a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history, that we do not, as in a churchyard, tread upon some buried reputation. But fame cannot be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated; nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light which projects the shadow which is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and revered, even while so little comprehended, as to be often confounded with the substance—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights; like rising and setting stars, they follow each other through successive ages; and thus the monumental form of genius stands for ever relieved against its own imperishable shadow.

4. All excellence of every kind is but variety of truth. If we wish, then, for something beyond the true, we wish for that which is false. According to this test, how little truth is there in art! Little indeed! but how much is that little to him who feels it!

5. Fame does not depend on the *will* of any man, but reputation may be given or taken away. Fame is the sympathy of kindred intellects, and sympathy is not a subject of *will*; while reputation, having its source in the popular voice, is a sentence which may either be uttered or suppressed at pleasure. Reputation, being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the envious and the ignorant. But fame, whose very birth is *posthumous*, and which is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of will.

6. What light is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual; both requiring an atmosphere in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is, to some minds, a nonentity; even as the sun itself would be invisible in vacuo.

7. Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word; it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it; feel it, and hate it in silence.

8. I cannot believe that any man who deserved fame ever laboured for it—that is, directly. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied. "I write, I paint for fame," has often been repeated; it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame should be placed to the account of reputation.

9. A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained excellence, when it is not all in all to him. Nay, I may add, that if he looks beyond it, he has not reached it. This is not the less true for being good Irish.

10. An original mind is rarely understood until it has been reflected from some half-dozen congenial with it; so averse are men to admitting the true in an unusual form; whilst any novelty, however fantastic, however false, is greedily swallowed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for all truth demands a response, and few people care to think, yet they must have something to supply the place of thought. Every mind would appear original, if every man had the power of projecting his own into the mind of others.

11. All effort at originality must end either in the quaint or the monstrous. For no man knows himself as an original; he can only believe it on the report of others to whom he is made known, as he is by the projecting power before spoken of.

12. There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy a wise man is with himself.

13. Reverence is an ennobling sentiment; it is felt to be

degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness by elevating itself into the antagonist to what is above it.

14. He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit to look down. Of such minds are the mannerists in art; in the world, tyrants of all sorts.

15. A witch's skiff cannot more easily sail in the teeth of the wind, than the human eye can lie against fact; but the truth will often quiver through lips with a lie upon them.

16. It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way; the knees smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance; the legs shake with anger when all above is calm.

17. Make no man your idol! For the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art as morals.

18. The devil's heartiest laugh is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase, "devilish good" has sometimes a literal meaning.

19. There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can give, but which every one, however poor, is bound to pay. This is praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own; since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another, can never become to him a possession; nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a consequence. As praise, then, cannot be made a gift, so neither, when not his due, can any man receive it: he may think he does, but he receives only words; for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other. This is no fanciful statement; for though praise may be withheld by the ignorant or envious, it cannot be but that, in the course of time, an existing merit will, on some one, produce its effects; inasmuch as the existence of any cause without its effect is an impossibility. A fearful truth lies at the bottom of this, an irreversible justice for the weak or of him who confirms or violates it.

#### IMPROVED MORALS.

An anecdote which places the low taste of the polite society of Queen Anne's reign in a striking light, is thus related by Sir Walter Scott:—A grand-aunt of my own, Mrs Keith of Ravelston, who was a person of some condition, being a daughter of Sir John Swinton of Swinton, lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age. She was very fond of reading, and enjoyed it to the last of her long life. One day she asked me, when we happened to be alone together, whether I had ever seen Mrs Behn's novels? I confessed the charge. Whether I could get her a sight of them? I said with some hesitation I believed I could, but that I did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles II.'s time to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the good old lady, "I remember their being so much admired, and being so much interested in them myself, that I wish to look at them again." To hear was to obey. So I sent Mrs Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards, she gave me back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: Take back your bonny Mrs Behn, and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. "But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?"—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

#### INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is to be measured not by the quantity of wine, but by its effect on the constitution; not by cups, but by consequences. Let no man fancy because he does not drink much that he is not a sot. Pope said, that to him more than one glass was a debauch; and every man who habitually takes more than his stomach can bear, sooner or later arrives at those miseries which are the effects of hard drinking. Every healthy toper is a decoy-duck, and no more proves that health is safe in intemperance, than an

unwounded soldier that life is secure in battle. 'Strength of nature in youth,' says Lord Bacon, 'passes over many excesses which are owing a man till his age.' Drunkenness, amongst persons of character and education, is considered, as it ought to be, at once sinful and degrading. The consequence has been increased longevity, and the disappearance among the upper grades of society of a host of dissipated men that follow in the train of inebriety.—*Brande.*

#### HINTS TO FARMERS.

In a treatise on Productive Farming, just issued from the press, the following observations occur:—It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root—it becomes fat, it is true, but, alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly, and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks, that her offspring cannot make bone—or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of eggshells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy; as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to evil or judicious treatment, as their own horses.

#### NAEBODY KENS YE.

[We extract this piece of drillery from "Whistle Blinks, Fifth Series," a collection of original songs published at Glasgow, to which it had been contributed by Mr R. L. Malone.]

As ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thrivin', my man?

Be thankful! to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;

Ye'll ha' plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han';

When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;

A' body kens ye,

A' body kens ye,

When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye!

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn!

An' awa' wi' the ebb drifts the favours she sen's ye,

Could friendship wi' then leave ye lanely to mourn;

When ye need a' their friendship, then naebody kens ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,

An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befrien' ye,

A five-guinea note, man, will part ye as wide

As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye!

Naebody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't, man! the siller! the siller!

It's the siller that breaks ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye!

When your pockets are toom, an' nae wab' i' the loom,

Then tak' ye my word for't, there's naebody kens ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are a—

It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear aye—

There are those worth the name—gude sen' there were mae!

Wha, the cauldier the blast, aye the closer draw near ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

The frien' wha can tell us our fauts to our face,

But aye fra our foes in our absence defen's us,

Leave me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the noo

Wha scorn to disown us when naebody kens us.

#### CHORUS.

Naebody kens us, naebody kens us,

Poorrit's a dry-nurse frae folly whilk speans us—

She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,

Wha winna disown us when naebody kens us.

January 18.—Received the second half of a five-pound note for the benefit of Mrs Reston, which has been handed to her.

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